

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark brown color, framing the central text.

All My Little Words

*You Were The Song
Stuck In My Head - II*

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All My Little Words by jojenstarked

Series: [You Were The Song Stuck In My Head \[2\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Alternate Universe - Soulmates, BILL HAS A DOG, Fluff, M/M, Mutual Pining, THIS IS SO PURE, mike and bev are really only mentioned, the dog plays a weirdly important role in this fic lol, this is pure tbh

Language: English

Characters: Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/St Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Stanley Uris never considered himself a jealous person. That is, until he met Bill Denbrough and suddenly he was jealous of the person getting songs stuck in his head.

Bill Denbrough had always wanted to meet his soulmate. Then he met Stanley Uris and he forgot all about them. All he wanted to do was get him to love him back.

Good thing they're soulmates.

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Stan was thrilled Richie had found his soulmate. He really was. He just wasn't thrilled that Richie would not shut the fuck up about it. It was always "Eddie this" or "Eddie that" and Stanley loved Eddie to death, too, but he was a bit jealous. He'd never admit it, oh no, but he was so envious that the trashmouth had found the love of his life before he had.

Richie was in the middle of telling him the story of one of their dates when Stan zoned out. People would consider that rude but Stanley tended to pick up on the really important details even if he wasn't giving the storyteller his full attention.

Everybody's tryin' to steal your heart / Everybody's tryin' to steal your heart / They were closing down the bar / We lived too far / We fell in love on someone's balcony

He smiled. His soulmate always got such pretty songs stuck in his head. Stan was thankful for that, glancing at Richie. Poor Eddie had to deal with terrible guilty pleasure songs getting stuck in his head at all hours of the day.

"Stanley, are you listening?" Richie's voice cut through his thoughts.

"Yeah, you broke someone's nose," he responded, giving him a disapproving look.

Richie grinned. "He deserved it. But the rest of the date was fun."

Then I heard all the politicians sing "Come on, come on" / And all the televisions scream "Come on, come on" / But they can't tear us apart / Don't let it end before it starts

"That's good."

His best friend gave him a knowing look. "Song stuck in your head, Stan the Man?"

He nodded. "I wish I was lucky enough to meet mine."

Richie patted him on the leg. "You'll meet them soon, Stan. Now stop moping. There's always Bill to do in the meantime. Or to do you."

Stan kicked at him. "Beep beep, Richie."

Now here they come for my heart too / Oh but they can't take that from you / No they don't know me like you do

"Oh, by the way, Eddie is coming over because he needed to get out of his apartment? I don't know, he said he'd explain when he got here."

There was a rapid knocking at the door.

"Looks like that's now."

Richie went to open the door for his boyfriend. He'd barely gotten out a greeting before Eddie stormed inside, an irritated look on his face.

"What's up?" Stan asked, only looking mildly alarmed at Eddie's aggressive entrance.

"Bill got a dog!" he snapped. "A fucking dog!"

Richie stifled a laugh. Eddie glared at him.

"Do not laugh at me, asshole. I come home from classes today and Bill is sitting in the living room with this fucking beast. They're dirty and do disgusting things and now one's living in our apartment."

"Eddie, you have that demon cat so let Bill have a demon dog!" his boyfriend joked. "But this is bad news for Stan. He's strictly a cat person. The man hates dogs."

"First off, Lola is not a demon, she just knows you're a horrible person. Secondly, Bill was really looking forward to introducing you to whatever its name is," Eddie said to Stan.

Stanley crossed his arms, conflicted about how he should feel about Eddie's comment. "Dogs are too excitable and messy."

Richie rolled his eyes, causing Eddie to elbow him in the ribs.

“Well, just a heads up then,” the hypochondriac told him before his boyfriend dragged him off to his room, leaving Stan alone in the living room.

He sighed and closed his eyes, leaning back against the couch.

Everybody's trying / Everybody's trying / Everybody's trying to steal your heart

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Bill grinned as he watched his dog Gizmo explore the living room of his and Eddie's apartment. He knew Eddie wasn't keen on his new companion but he was sure he'd warm up to him. He really wanted to introduce him to Stan.

He knew he shouldn't have these feelings for Stanley because he wasn't his soulmate, or he didn't think he was. But Bill couldn't help it. Stan was fun to be around and he made him feel at home. Plus, he was super cute.

Hold / Hold on / Hold on to me / 'Cause I'm a little unsteady / A little unsteady

Bill smiled, albeit a little sad. His soulmate sang such pretty songs, but they were also sad. He really wanted to meet them. He was so envious of Eddie and Richie.

[to: ed boy] hey,,

[to: ed boy] eddie,,

[from: ed boy] what

[to: ed boy] will you give me stan's #

[to: ed boy] i want to ask him something but i'm not going all the way to richie's to do it bc that would be weird

[to: ed boy] pls i'm dying

[from: ed boy] you can't see it but i'm rolling my eyes at you

[from: ed boy] but fine

Bill grinned victoriously when Eddie sent him Stanley's contact information. He quickly entered in the info in a new contact.

Mama, come here / Approach, appear / Daddy, I'm alone / 'Cause this house don't feel like home

[to: Stan :-)] hi it's bill!! i got your number from eddie (i hope that's okay)

He placed his phone on the coffee table and waited anxiously. Gizmo came up to him with one of his new toys in his mouth. He dropped it in front of him and looked at him, wagging his tail excitedly. Bill cracked a smile and scratched the Golden Retriever behind his ear, earning him a lick on the hand. His phone vibrated against the wooden table and he grabbed it immediately.

[from: Stan :-)] That's fine!

Bill couldn't help the grin from forming.

[to: Stan :-)] okay!! you probably already heard from eddie bc he is Dramatic™ but i got a dog (!!!) and i want to introduce him to everyone

He set his phone down and waited patiently for a response. He started to get anxious when he saw the three dots appear and disappear multiple times. Gizmo came up to him and pushed his toy into his hand.

Mother, I know / That you're tired of being alone / Dad, I know you're trying / To fight when you feel like flying / But if you love me, don't let go, woaah / If you love me, don't let go

[from: Stan :-)] Sorry, but I'm kind of busy right now. Maybe another day.

Bill was disappointed but he wouldn't push him. He texted him back, saying that it was totally fine, before getting up to feed Gizmo.

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"He asked you to meet his dog, right?" Richie asked, taking a swig of his beer.

Stan shot him an annoyed look but nodded. Richie smirked, giving him a knowing look in return.

"Suck up your pride and let him introduce you to his dog. It'll, like, make his whole life," his best friend rolled his eyes, sipping on his beer.

"Sounds fake because he doesn't like me like that. He's probably like that to everyone. I'm not his soulmate. He's not mine."

"Not with that attitude!" Richie grinned, throwing an arm around Stan's shoulder. "And, honestly, you never know. You've never been in the same room with him when he's sung."

Richie abruptly removed his arm from Stan's body and gave him a wicked grin. Stan froze.

"Oh, no. I know that grin. You're planning something."

I set all my regrets on fire / 'Cause I know I'll never take the time / To unpack my missteps and call all of our friends / I figure they would take your side

"I'm gonna invite the band over for an acoustic jam session tonight. That way we can find out if Bill's your soulmate or not!" Richie announced.

Stanley shook his head. "No. Absolutely not."

"Hey, it's my apartment, too."

“Unfortunately.”

Richie rolled his eyes. “C’mon, Stanley. Live a little! Take risks! You’ll never know if you don’t try anything!”

He rolled his eyes and whined quietly. “Richie, please.”

“Nope,” his best friend grinned, reaching for his phone. “It’s happening. I’m sending the text right now. It’s sent, it’s happening.”

I was out on the town / So I came to your window last night / I tried not to throw stones / But I wanted to come inside / Now I'm causing a scene, thinking you need a reason to smile / Oh no, what have I done? / There's no one to keep me warm

“I can’t believe you, Richie. This is going to be a disaster.”

Richie rolled his eyes once again. “Stanley for once in your life can you maybe not be so pessimistic?”

“It’s all I know how to be.”

Richie downed the rest of his beer and tossed it in the recycling. “Don’t be such a downer!”

He patted Stan on the back before disappearing into his room. Stanley sighed and ran a hand through his curls.

I drink a lot / I'm not sure if that's new / But these days when I wake up from a night I forgot / I just wish that it never came true

He grabbed a water bottle from the fridge and headed into his room to write down the song stuck in his head.

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Bill looked at the text Richie sent into the band’s group chat.

[from: trashmouth] alright bitches acoustic jam session at my place tonight!!!!!! be there or get fucked!!!!

[from: bev <3] YES!!!!!!

[from: mikey mike] wow,, richie having a good idea?? wild

[from: trashmouth] ignoring that

[from: trashmouth] unfortunately my roommate is a loser and will not be acting as an audience like i hoped

[from: trashmouth] b @ my apt @ 8

Bill admittedly was a bit disappointed that Stan wouldn't be there but was excited to jam with his band.

[to: trashmouth ; bev <3 ; mikey mike] hell yeah ill pick u guys up @mike @bev

He looked at the clock on the microwave. 7:03 PM. He still had time to pack up his equipment and feed Gizmo. Bill headed into his room to pack up his guitar, since there was no way he was going to bring his entire drum set. Plus, it was just an acoustic session.

I fell in love again / All things go, all things go / Drove to Chicago / All things know, all things know

He zipped up his guitar cased and slipped it over his shoulder. He called for Gizmo. The Golden Retriever bounded into his room and jumped on his bed, wagging his tail excitedly.

“C'mon, buddy. Let's go eat.”

At the word “eat”, Gizmo leaped off the bed and rushed into the kitchen. Bill chuckled and followed his dog. He grabbed his bowl off the group and filled it up, placing it back on the ground. He grabbed his keys off of the kitchen table and waited for him to finish. Once Gizmo was done, he hooked his leash to his collar and walked toward the door.

You came to take us / All things go, all things go / To recreate us / All

things grow, all things grow

He walked out of the building and to his car, Silver, and unlocked it. He placed his guitar in the passenger seat, put Gizmo in the back seat, and then climbed inside. He dropped by Mike and Beverly's apartments before heading to Richie's. Bill parked Silver in the visitor's lot of his apartment complex and they grabbed their instruments and Gizmo before heading inside.

Richie opened the door after the first knock. "Get your asses in here!"

Gizmo pushed in first and Richie grinned at him. The rest of the band members walked inside and dropped their instruments in the living room.

"I have beer in the fridge if you guys want any," the trashmouth said, cracking one open for himself.

Beverly headed to the fridge and grabbed one for each of them. Bill took his and popped it open, taking a sip.

"Where's Stan?" he asked, trying to sound nonchalant, but failing miserably as told by Richie's smirk.

"He's out with Eddie. They decided to do something last minute. Sorry, Big Bill, I know you so badly wanted to impress him with your singing skills."

I drove to New York / In a van, with my friend / We slept in parking lots / I don't mind, I don't mind

Beverly and Mike snorted and Bill rolled his eyes, blushing slightly.

"Beep beep, Richie."

The trashmouth stuck his tongue out at him and retreated into his room to grab his guitar. Gizmo trotted after him. The rest of them headed into the living room to unpack their gear.

Richie emerged from his bedroom with his guitar and Gizmo trailing after him. He dropped into one of the armchairs in his living room and started to strum his guitar.

The others followed suit and soon the sound of harmonizing instruments and vocals filled the apartment. Bill looked around for Gizmo.

“Do you guys know where Giz went?” he asked his bandmates.

Richie looked around his apartment. “Oh, shit. Stan’s door is open. I think Gizmo got in. You’d better get him out quickly. If anything is out of place, Stan’ll freak out.”

Bill threw his instrument to the side and chased after his dog. He hesitated slightly before pushing the door to Stanley’s room open wider. He spotted Gizmo sniffing something on his desk.

I was in love with the place / In my mind, in my mind / I made a lot of mistakes / In my mind, in my mind

“Gizmo!” he snapped. “No! Out!”

The Golden Retriever whimpered before heading out of the room. Bill took a moment to examine the room. Everything was impeccably organized. Out of curiosity, he looked at his desk to see if he could spot what was so interesting to his dog. He noticed a list written in almost illegible handwriting. It was titled “songs stuck in my head”. Bill felt only a small pang of jealousy in his chest when he realized these were songs Stan’s soulmate had sung before.

He read over the list and stopped on one particular song. It was highlighted and written next to it, in parenthesis, was the word “favorite”. Bill made a mental note of the title before walking out, shutting the door behind him. He grabbed his guitar off the couch and sat back down, picking up where he left off.

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Stan was reorganizing his bookshelf when he noticed he’d gotten a text from Bill about a half hour ago.

[from: Bill <3] i’m playing at an open mic at the coffee shop downtown at 1 if you wanna come by! :-)

He immediately looked at the time. It was a little after one. He cursed and quickly finished organizing before texting him back.

[to: Bill <3] Sorry, I just noticed your text! I'd love to come! On my way now.

He pulled on his jacket and grabbed his keys to the apartment before heading out, locking the door behind him. He didn't have a car, mostly because he couldn't drive, but his apartment was only a ten-minute walk to downtown Derry.

You are a splendid butterfly / It is your wings that make you beautiful / And I could make you fly away / But I could never make you stay

He couldn't help but smile. It was his favorite song that his soulmate had ever sung. He walked a little slower, enjoying the nice weather that always came with autumn.

You said you were in love with me / Both of us know that that's impossible / And I could make you rue the day / But I could never make you stay

Stanley approached the only coffee shop in Derry and walked inside. He was immediately greeted by the scent of coffee brewing and the sound of a guitar strumming. He'd never heard Bill sing before, so he was excited. He approached the counter to order.

"Not for all the tea in China. Not if I could sing like a bird. Not for all North Carolina. Not for all my little words."

Stan's head whipped around to find the source. His gaze landed on Bill, singing into a microphone, strumming his guitar. He looked over to Stan and smiled as he continued with the song.

"Not if I could write for you the sweetest song you ever heard. It doesn't matter what I'll do. Not for all my little words."

His hands were shaking as he took his coffee from the barista. His whole body felt numb as he found Richie sitting with Eddie at one of the tables toward the front, sitting down silently.

“Stan the Man! Glad you could make it!” Richie grinned at his best friend.

Eddie studied him. “Are you okay? You look kind of sick.”

“Now that you’ve made me want to die. You tell me that you’re unboyfriendable. And I could make you pay and pay. But I could never make you stay.”

Stan took a sip of his coffee, not even bothered by the fact that it was still scalding. His focus was on Bill. *His* soulmate.

“Earth to Stanley?” Richie poked at his roommate’s leg with his foot, looking at Eddie in exasperation when he didn’t respond. “I didn’t think he was *this* infatuated with Bill.”

Eddie kicked him in the shin before looking back at his friend. “Seriously, Stan. What’s up?”

“Not for all the tea in China. Not if I could sing like a bird. Not for all North Carolina. Not for all my little words. Not if I could write for you the sweetest song you ever heard.”

Stan was smiling back at him now, wondering if he understood.

“It doesn’t matter what I’ll do. Not for all my little words. It doesn’t matter what I’ll do. Not for all my little words.”

There was a loud applause when he finished, Stan included. He smiled nervously, reddening slightly. Bill stepped off the small stage and headed toward Stanley.

“I need to talk to you,” Stan blurted out, grabbing his wrist and pulling him to a secluded corner of the coffee shop.

Bill went with him, eyes a little wide in confusion. Stan released his wrist quickly.

“I don’t know if this is what you want to hear but you’re my soulmate. That song was stuck in my head on the way here. It’s my favorite you’ve ever sung,” he confessed.

He looked away from the taller brunet when he finished talking. He felt his hand lift up his chin, forcing him to look at Bill. He looked into his eyes and Bill kissed him softly. He moved his hand from his chin and cupped his cheek instead. Stan kissed him back, heart full. When they broke apart, Bill hugged him.

“Ever since I met you I hoped you were my soulmate.”

Stan smiled wide and kissed Bill again. He broke off when he heard a wolf whistle.

“Damn, get it, Stanley!” Richie shouted.

Eddie looked a mix between happy for Stan and annoyed at Richie.

“Beep beep, Richie,” Bill laughed, pulling him back toward the stage. “I have to finish the set. Lunch afterward?”

“Of course.”

Bill kissed him again before returning to the stage. Stan sat down with his roommate and his boyfriend, a permanent smile on his face as he watched his soulmate begin his next song.

Richie looked over at his best friend, a genuine smile on his face. “I’m happy for you, man.”

“Me too.”

Author's Note:

wow this took FOREVER to complete but here it is!!!!
big thanks to the losers club network gc and the poly losers club gc for helping me with ideas and giving me the motivation i needed to finish!! i hope you guys like it!!

songs used: everybody's trying to steal your heart by fast romantics, unsteady by x ambassadors, out on the town by fun., chicago by sufjan stevens, and all my little words by the magnetic fields!
inspiration for these songs came from my [stenbrough](#)

[playlist](#), my [stan playlist](#), and my [bill playlist](#)!

hmu on [tumblr](#) to talk about IT or send me some requests!!